HIS STUPID LITTLE WIFE

By ESTELLE MARSH

They were walking together on the riverside.

Both were young, and one was beautiful.

The crown of her hat was big enough to fit the head of the colossal statue of Athena on the Acropolis at Athens. They were talking of love and marriage. Most young couples while dawdling talk either of love and marriage or platonic friendship, the man taking the ground that it is impossible, the girl that it is the most desirable form of affection between the sexes.

"As for me," he said, "when I marry I prefer a girl whom I can love with my whole heart and soul."

"Then you must get one with a strong personality, good judgment and an excellent mind."

"I wish nothing of the kind. Give me a girl with a pink and white complexion, a pretty pair of rose lips and not too much brain."

"Well, I declare!"

"She must not only be stupid, but must prove herself stupid. No; I will not even trust her to do that. I will prove her stupid myself."

"You don't mean what you say. How could you love such a girl?"

"I love her already."

She cast a quick glance at him, then bent her eyes to the ground. She had been under the impression that he had been falling in love with her. She was at a loss to know what this meant. Had she a rival?

"A man doesn't wish the counterpart of himself in a woman. Her intellectual gifts repel him; her feminine stupidity delights him. If she is strong he looks upon her as he would a man. If she is weak he longs to protect and comfort her."

"This dunce that you love, is she"—

"She is not a dunce judged by a proper standard. There must be one standard for men and another for women. A man—a real man—wouldn't know how to take care of a baby—at least he wouldn't do it the right way. When I was a boy my mother left me one afternoon to mind my little sister, eight months old. I wished to go and play. If I could put the baby to sleep I would be free. I blew in the little thing's eyes, forcing her to shut them. I kept up this process till she went to sleep. You see, I didn't know anything about babies."

She thought awhile before saying, "It seems to me that was rather clever—for a boy."

"But you couldn't lay it down as a recipe for putting babies to sleep."

"No, I suppose it wouldn't do always."

"Will you kindly tell me," he asked, breaking away from the topic of conversation, "how you women make those big crowned hats stay on the tops of your heads? I don't understand why they don't slip down over your eyes. If I wore one of them I'd have to cut holes to see through."

"Well, you see, we women have a lot of hair and all that to fill them up."

"Oh, I supposed there was some patent contrivance for the purpose."

"We have hatpins, you know."

"You mean those rapiers with coachman's buttons for hilts?"

"They must be long to go through the large crowns."

"I see. Would you mind unsheathing yours and letting me see the inside of your hat?"

She removed the hatpins and, taking off her hat, showed him the inner crown.

"Why, the diameter is two or three inches less within than it is without!"

"I don't understand you."

"This part inside is smaller than any man's hat. There is a false inner crown."

"There is a difference, isn't there?"

"I should say so."

"I didn't know that."

"Better put it on again and the swords through. It might fall down over your eyes."

"I dare say," pouting, "you consider me very stupid."

"I have not left it to you to prove yourself so. I have done it myself. You know I said I would."

"In the case of the creature you wished to marry."

"There is a method in my madness."

"Will you kindly explain wherein the method lies?"

"I told you I wished a stupid girl for a wife. Could there be anything more stupid than a girl wearing one of these hats on her head and not knowing how it is kept on the top of her head?"

There was a slap with one hand, a caress with the other. She may have been stupid about the hat, but she was bright enough to catch his "method" and, catching it, held her tongue. Indeed, from this point she let him to do all the talking. He took her hand and whispered a number of lovely things in her ear.

They had been married long enough for the problems of life to loom up, such as winter coal bills, gas bills, doctor's fees and other items that will always be coming up without being expected. Notwithstanding her stupidity she proved a good manager. But at the end of the first year one day her husband received a bill for a new hat the amount of which astonished him. He remonstrated.

"I thought it very cheap," she said.

"Cheap! Are you so stupid as to buy a thing merely because it is cheap?"

"I thought you loved me for my stupidity," she replied, hanging her head.

Not That Much.

Mrs. Slips—If I should die tomorrow would you be much upset?

Hubby—I should nearly go mad.

"Would you marry again?"

"No. I should not be quite so mad as that."

Attractive Figure.

He—And did the leading lady in the new drama know her lines?

She—Did she! Why, every time she came on the stage one could tell that she was conscious of them!—Yonkers Statesman.

ALDRICH'S RETIREMENT

Not a New Story, but Entirely Probable

ONE TERM IS ENOUGH

Declares President Taft—He Tells the Bankers and Fraternity Men So at Banquets.

Washington, April 18.—The coming retirement of Senator Aldrich is now a twice-told tale, but it is at least admitted by those closest to him as "very probable." It develops that even the former rumors of two years ago or so were founded on fact, although denied at the time. It appears further that Mr. Aldrich is again talking in that strain, but with more determination, and therefore the expectation that Senator Aldrich will retire with the group of senators that will go out on March 4 next is becoming altogether warranted. His term expires then, and he will be in his 70th year. The health of the senator has not been of the best lately.

So far, the senator has not made any public declaration of his purposes, and until he does potentially he will continue a candidate to succeed himself. But the senator's views as to a desirable retiring are well known to his intimates. He believes that a senator should retire with full physical and mental faculties. He has always looked with severe disapproval at those who remain on in the Senate, burdened and incapacitated with great age. He has said that he will never be seen in the Senate like one of them. He is now in the fullness of his mental and physical powers, and can leave the scene of his long and memorable labors strong in mind and body, if one excepts the slight ailment which has troubled him this winter.

Moreover, he is said to feel his tasks are done. He has had an absorbing interest in monetary legislation and would establish a permanent and perfect monetary system, and to that end he caused a monetary commission to be created, of which he is chairman, but he is too shrewd a judge of the force of public opinion not to see that public sentiment is too strongly opposed to what he favors and that his labors are likely to be in vain.

It may be believed, too, that Mr. Aldrich feels some pain at the public disapprobation of himself. The abuse of him has been very great, and so Mr. Aldrich has asked himself, "What is the use of going on?" He feels that he has endeavored to be fair. As Senate leader responsible for important legislation, he has had to accept many compromises that the measures might go through, and he has had to shoulder the responsibilities for the execution of the disappointed. He would like to meet argument with argument, but abuse is not acceptable to him. Hence, additionally, his thought of retirement.

Meantime, the insurgents in the Senate are quite skeptical about his retiring, and they believe that the rumors are made current only for their effect on the coming elections, and that after they have taken place it will be found that Mr. Aldrich will again be a candidate for the Senate to succeed himself. Meantime, too, others are asking who will succeed Aldrich. Heir to the mantle by precedent is Burrows, but that is to laugh, and next in line is Penrose, and that is to weep.

Senator Burton continued Saturday his inexorable arraignment of the rivers and harbors bill and to quite as uninterested a Senate as on the day before. He showed the enormous wastes that have been perpetrated. He warned the Senate against the illusions of promises of forthcoming traffic. He asserted that the present bill contained many ill-advised appropriations, which he called old friends, and which for ten years have been kept out of the bill by him. He asserted further that when a deserving project was broached there were always about members of Congress who threatened to defeat it with speeches unless some quite undeserving project was incorporated with it. The bill went over until Monday.

The House listened to not a few long speeches on the interstate commerce bill. To get rid of this nigh interminable debate the House voted to have night sessions next week.

TAFT SAYS ONE TERM IS ENOUGH

President Declares He Doesn't Want Another—Ready to Quit at End of Three Years.

Washington, April 18.—One term is enough for President Taft. He himself said so twice Saturday night. He was smiling broadly at both times, but, nevertheless, there was a serious trend to his voice.

He spoke lightly, but seemed to regard his duties as chief executive to be heavy, indeed.

The first speech of the president was at the annual dinner of the District of Columbia branch of the American Bankers' association at the New Willard hotel.

The second was at the banquet of the Phi Upsilon fraternity at the Raleigh hotel.

Speaking to the bankers, his theme was Washington.

"Washington is very dear to me," he said. "I'm going to spend three years more here."

Then pandemonium broke loose, as hundreds of voices shouted: "Seven!" "Seven, you mean." "Seven, seven."

"Well," smilingly responded President Taft, "that sounds good, but when I remember that the vote of the District of Columbia does not cut any figure in national affairs, my head isn't swelled with your approval."

There were even some of the opposite political faith of the president, who seemed to find additional significance in the president's words.

They maintained that his reference to the votes presaged the downfall of the Republican party at the polls in the approaching congressional elections. Against his assertion, the fact was pointed to that the president smiled through it all.

To the fraternity men, however, the president showed that one term was enough for him. True, he still smiled; but when Herbert L. Bridgeman, president of the National Phi Upsilon association and known the world over as secretary of the Peary Arctic club of New York, offered the president a recipe whereby he might assure himself of 25 more terms, Mr. Taft in reply spoke of the troubles of more and the undesirability of another.

All the president said was spoken in a joking manner, and when he had finished his remarks in answer to Mr. Bridgeman he announced that he would then talk seriously.

The way the president swung from one banquet to another Saturday night was a strong reminder to some Washingtonians of his western trip last fall.

After his hearty reception at the New Willard, the president entered his automobile and was rushed to the Raleigh, where his son, Robert Taft, was also a guest. The son, unlike his father, was not in the limelight. His seat was well to the rear of the hall, and it seemed to please him.

Dish Cloths

Cheese cloths, unbleached cotton and heavy linen crash make most satisfactory dish cloths, and for cleaning greasy kitchen utensils, pot-rings are the easiest to use. One trouble with dish cloths is that they are hard to keep sweet, but they can be easily kept in good condition by washing occasionally in lukewarm water to which has been added a tablespoonful of Gold Dust washing powder; then scald, rinse and hang in the sunshine and fresh air to dry.

WEIGHS A SHIP'S CARGO.

The Remarkable Invention of an Italian Engineer.

The attention of seamen and shipping merchants has recently been called to the remarkable invention of an Italian engineer, Emilio di Lorenzi, the function of which is to determine accurately the weight of a ship's cargo. In the center of the vessel is a cylindrical chamber extending from a point below the light load line, which denotes the empty ship, to one above the maximum load line. Within the chamber is a float or aerometer, the upper end of which is connected with one extremity of a lever, while the other end acts upon a steelyard similar to those used in ordinary weighing machines. A simple device connects the float chamber with the water in which the ship rides, so that the water within this chamber always remains at precisely the same level as that in which the vessel is floating.

When the vessel is loaded or the cargo discharged this action brings about a more or less immersion of the float, thereby indicating the various fluctuations in the weight of the ship's cargo. These differences are recorded on the steelyard and at once show the weight of the load taken on board or removed from the ship. It will be seen that by this ingenious arrangement the ship is really converted into a gigantic weight bridge, and the apparatus is so sensitive that it will notify the weight of a person stepping on or off the vessel.

The device of Signor di Lorenzi is applicable to any class of craft from the barge to the gigantic liner and in every instance will perform its task with remarkable accuracy. The aerometer, which is the mainspring of the apparatus, has to be specially designed in regard to its external shape for the vessel upon which it is to be installed, but otherwise all the parts are standardized.

Once set, the machine can never become deranged, and varying densities of the water do not affect the accuracy of its readings. The device has been thoroughly tested by the Italian government, and the cargo weights were found to be so correctly given that the officials of the customs were authorized to accept as final any readings by Signor di Lorenzi's porphydrometer. This is a vital consideration to shipping merchants, for there is a difference of 200 per cent in weighing dues at different Italian ports in favor of this apparatus.

To the captain of a steamship compelled to coal abroad it acts as an infallible check upon the quantity of fuel delivered to the vessel. Its utility is still further increased by the fact that in the event of a vessel equipped with a porphydrometer springing a leak it will at once notify the captain by ringing an electric alarm bell. Being at once inexpensive and easily adjusted, Signor di Lorenzi's invention should form an indispensable addition to every modern ship.—Philadelphia Record.

Clove Apples.

Three-quarters of a pound of sugar, two cupfuls of water. Boil to a sirup. Drop in quarters of apples, pared, and when they are cooked lift out carefully with a fork. When all the fruit has been cooked drop some of the skins in the sirup with half a dozen cloves. Cook about twenty minutes, remove the skins, pour the sirup with the cloves over the apples in a jar and cover up.

The Aeration of Soil.

Experiments have shown that a cubic foot of soil from drained land is much lighter than the same amount of soil from undrained land after both have been thoroughly dried out. This means, therefore, that a drained soil contains more pore space, and porosity is desirable because it means the admission of air in between the soil particles. Where the water is not removed from a compact soil from below its only outlet is through the medium of evaporation, and this has two undesirable effects. In the first place evaporation cools the soil, while in the second place the upward movement of water tends to exclude the air, and, of course, in the absence of air the roots suffocate just as animals suffocate when the supply of oxygen is insufficient.

THE SUCCESS OF J. G. MORRISON

How the Leader of Great Machine Concern

WON PRESENT POSITION

"The Young Man of To-day, to Succeed, Should Learn to Carry Money About Him and Not Spend It," Says Mr. Morrison.

In its series of "New England Romances of Success," the Boston Sunday Post yesterday printed the story of John G. Morrison, a native of Barre, and well-known here as the owner of the Morrison farm. The Post story follows:

John G. Morrison, head of the Mead-Morrison company, is a Boston business man, who came from a country district in Vermont into this city, and with a considerable amount of pluck and energy built up a mechanical business, which is now a leader of its kind in the United States.

The remarkable part of Mr. Morrison's experience has been due to the fact that he came to Boston and took up the reins of administration in a machine manufacturing plant after spending years in his native state as a dry goods merchant. The sound business principles, which made him succeed as a dry goods man, were applied with excellent results in his present business.

"A great deal of my success in business was due in a large part to the early teachings of a good, practical father," declares Mr. Morrison. "I was born on a Vermont farm, and while attending the little district school, about a half-mile from the farm, I had to figure on rising early in the morning and do my share of the chores before school time.

"After school came more chores, and thus when a small boy I learned what it was to work, and this was impressed very firmly on my mind indeed when I had to wade through the deep snows to school in the winter time.

"My father impressed on me the value of being able to work hard when the occasion required, and above all, to be of a saving nature. I got the store fever about the time I was 18 years old, and after I had finished my schooling, I got a position as a dry goods clerk in a store in Barre, Vt.

"My pay was $100 a year and my board, and the hours were long. It was get to work in the morning at a much earlier hour than is now enjoyed by the average clerk, and there were no holidays or vacation coming to a man in those days.

"After working three years as hard as I knew how and even saving money out of the $100 yearly salary, I borrowed money and with a partner, who started on borrowed money also, we bought our employer out. We had no clerks, and I had to get down to the store in the morning at 6 o'clock and sweep up and then stay each night anywhere from 9 to 12 o'clock.

"At the end of three years I bought my partner out and I went back to the store to carve my way alone and by my own efforts. I found as I went along that to adapt myself to my customers and to study their characteristics was the way to make the business come in. The more I tried this out the better I found that I could read people, and I soon began to develop a good business.

"I gradually enlarged and opened another store. Later I bought a store in Montpelier and devoted this wholly to clothing. Then I began to get a glimpse of city life, as I did all of the buying for the stores myself and came to Boston to get my wares.

"About this time I was married, and my wife being a Cambridge girl, I was married in her home city. Like every country boy, the city had a fascination for me, and I sold out my stores in Vermont and came with my wife to Cambridge. I became acquainted with a skilled machinist, who wanted me to start into the machine business with him, I to take the business end and he to take the mechanical end of a partnership.

"In 1883 we started the present business, and while we tried to put our machines out in the best possible manner, things went backward. We lost money fast and try as we could we did not gain an inch.

"I went among the customers personally, leaving the office work until I could attend to it at night. I listened to the faults of the machine and I returned to the works one day determined to make my plant a modern one or quit. Our competitors were getting the trade and it was a case of getting out and hustling myself.

"I had every tool destroyed in our works, and with brand-new machinery of modern pattern, and new designs of machinery, we commenced all over again and went into the market to compete with other firms. We began to turn out specialties and place our bids for government work.

Some of Mr. Morrison's sayings are:

"The thought expressed by many parents to the effect, 'I don't want my boy to work as hard as I had to,' is spoiling a great many young men today. Methodical parents who will bring up their children in a practical way, and teach them early that idleness will retard their progress in after years, will do more to sow the seeds of thrift in a boy than any other feature.

"The young man of to-day, to succeed, should learn to carry money about him and not spend it. When once a young man cultivates the spending habit, he goes into debt or aspires to reach for that which is beyond his means. In fact, this seems to be the great trend nowadays among a large number of people. The man who declares 'I can't afford it' instead of saying 'I'll take a chance' is the fellow who is getting ahead.

"The young man who wants to start in business should avoid anything that savors of extravagance. If he is ambitious and wants to get ahead, he should be willing to start in a small way, which is the only right way.

"If you have a mission to perform, do it will and on a line you can afford. The opportunity is before a young man and he does not have to think that he will need a barrel of money to get started. I made my start at 18 years of age with a salary of about $2 per week ($100 per year), and even saved money out of this amount. With borrowed money and what I had saved, I and a partner bought my employer out in three years from the time I went with him as a clerk."—John G. Morrison.

CONVICT POET SET FREE.

Minnesota Pardons Author, Some of Whose Poems The World Printed.

St. Paul, April 18.—"John Carter," the young English poet, who is serving a ten-year sentence in the state penitentiary for stealing $24, was Saturday pardoned by the state pardon board. The pardon will take effect immediately.

The pardon, refused three years ago, was granted on the application of Robert Underwood Johnson, editor of The Century, and the editors of other magazines, who believe that "Carter," whose real name is concealed, will as a free man prove valuable to the cause of literature.